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ON THE UNWISDOM OF MEDDLING WITH EXTINGUISHED VOLCANOES.

"HERE, SENATOR, I WILL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR REFLECTIONS, WITH THE ASSURANCE THAT, IF YOU WISH TO CONTINUE THIS CONVERSATION, I SHALL WITH PLEASURE BE AT YOUR SERVICE."—Carl Schurz.

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·LIFE·



"DON'T SCORCH NOW, MAMMA! HERE'S A POLICEMAN."

Harmonious.

JABBERS: Why have you and Mer-
riman quarreled?

HAVERS: Oh, he's such a perfect ass!

"Then I should think you'd
get along all right."

Appendicitis, of
Course.

To the Editor
of LIFE—Sir:

PRAY tell
me, LIFE.
Which one the
right is,
Appendicitis or
Appendicitis?
W. J. Lampton.

DON'T explain
yourself too
much; give the world a
chance to think well of you.



"AH, MY NOBLE FRIEND! CHILD OF NATURE! WOULD'ST EAT OF THE FRUIT
OF THE LORD?"

"NOPE—GOT PLENTY EAT. TRADE SQUAW FOR WHISKEY."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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THINGS START UP AGAIN.



THE new year is beginning in the cities. Everyone, except the almanac makers, knows that it begins in town about this time.

Now the oyster elbows the clam off the table and regains its old place.

Now the schools resume and the colleges open; the football season begins, the hunting men re-im-

peril their necks, womankind gets new hats, the retail trade livens up, folks come back to town and families are reunited. The best month of the year is just ahead, and this year, praise be to Heaven, it will be a happier month to the American people than they have seen in four long years.



SETH LOW FOR MAYOR.

IT is a pity to have anything to do in autumn except to play golf, ride horses, and rejoice in the consciousness of existence. But most people have to work, and the chief delight they have in autumn weather is that it is good weather to work in. Here in New York labors abound. We are torn up as to our streets by

contractors who lay pipes and pavements, and as to our feelings by politicians and earnest citizens who have undertaken to elect a mayor. We are pretty sure that in time—too much time, probably—our streets will be in better order than ever before, but as to who our next mayor will be we are not so sure as we would like to be.

The Citizens' Union has nominated Mr. Low, and he has accepted. Mr. Low would make a first-rate mayor, and LIFE would like to see him elected. If he gets the regular Republican nomination as well as that of the Citizens' Union his election will be probable, but if not, so far as appears at this writing, it will be improbable. We shall see what the Citizens' Union can do for Mr. Low, and also what he can do for himself. He has come down from Mt. Desert, bursting with health, and ready to do his best to be elected. If he succeeds, Greater New York will get an admirable start in her career as an amalgamated metropolis. If he fails, it will probably be because the regular Republican organization sees more profit in a Tammany mayor than in one nominated by any organization except itself.



OUR neighbor, the *Sun*, declares that Mr. Low has been a public nuisance all summer, and it seems to be getting ready to denounce him as a consecrated statesman. It calls the Citizens' Union "a venomous and self-worshipping organization." These are harsh epithets, but much must be pardoned to the zeal of a new recruit. The *Sun* is now a Republican paper, which supports sound money, President McKinley's administration, and Senator Platt's machine in New York. There is much that is respectable in these associations—enough, let us hope, to bring the *Sun* presently in line for Low.



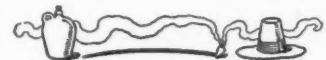
PEACE AT PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

THE trustees of Brown University have asked President Andrews to withdraw his resignation. It is now understood that he will not accept, but they have acted wisely in so doing, and under advice which it would not have become them to disregard. Congressman Walker, who has been regarded as the trustee most hostile to Dr. Andrews, is understood to have joined his fellows in this request, and to have declared that his attitude toward Dr. Andrews had been misrepresented. The communications which passed between Dr. Andrews and the members of the Corporation breathed peace and friendliness on both sides, so that there is a prospect that this stirring episode may come to a tranquil and satisfactory conclusion.



FRANCE IN CONVULSIONS.

OUR good friends the French seem to have had something like a fit over the reported alliance between their country and Russia. To dispassionate observers their celebrations seem disproportionate to the event, but enjoyment is a good thing in itself, and doubtless the French do well to harvest their's while they may, and before events disparage their anticipations.



WHAT AILS DEBS?

MR. EUGENE DEBS announces that he is ready to shed the last drop of blood which courses through his veins to preserve liberty. Liberty, in Mr. Debs's opinion, will presently be promoted by the abolition of courts, the dispersal of Congress, and the enthronement of the sacred rights of American freemen. LIFE recommends Mr. Debs to shed a little of his blood in a saucer and have it examined by a physician. Judging from his sentiments, his system is out of order and needs a tonic.



His Lordship: WE HAVE A DIFFERENT SENSE OF HUMOR FROM YOU AMERICANS. "AND IT'S REALLY BETTER, DON'T YOU KNOW."
"YES, HE WHO LAUGHS LAST LAUGHS BEST."

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

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T.....	15 10
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S. D. A.....	21 00
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Miss Harriette Mason.....	10 00
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Lindley, Tunis and Katharine—Tab- leaux at Roberts House, North- east Harbor.....	24 00
In remembrance of W. Headley Smith.....	6 00
H. J. S.....	2 00
	\$4,221 44

SOME people seem to think that there's not much in a name unless it appears frequently in the society columns of newspapers.

Full Value.

"HELLO, Pennywise, did you get the worth of your money this vacation?"

"Well, I was bitten by a rattle-snake, run over by a reaper, poisoned by eating canned tomatoes, broke my leg falling off a hay wagon, had typhoid fever from drinking well water, and am engaged to four strapping big country girls, each of whom thinks it serious. Oh, I guess so!"



A Melodramatic Martyr.

A NOVEL which is put forth with the solemnity that Mr. Hall Caine has expended in launching "The Christian" (Appleton) is naturally subject to two forms of criticism. The one measures the book by Mr. Caine's own idea of what he was trying to do; the other judges it by what it actually achieves, without reference to the author's intentions.

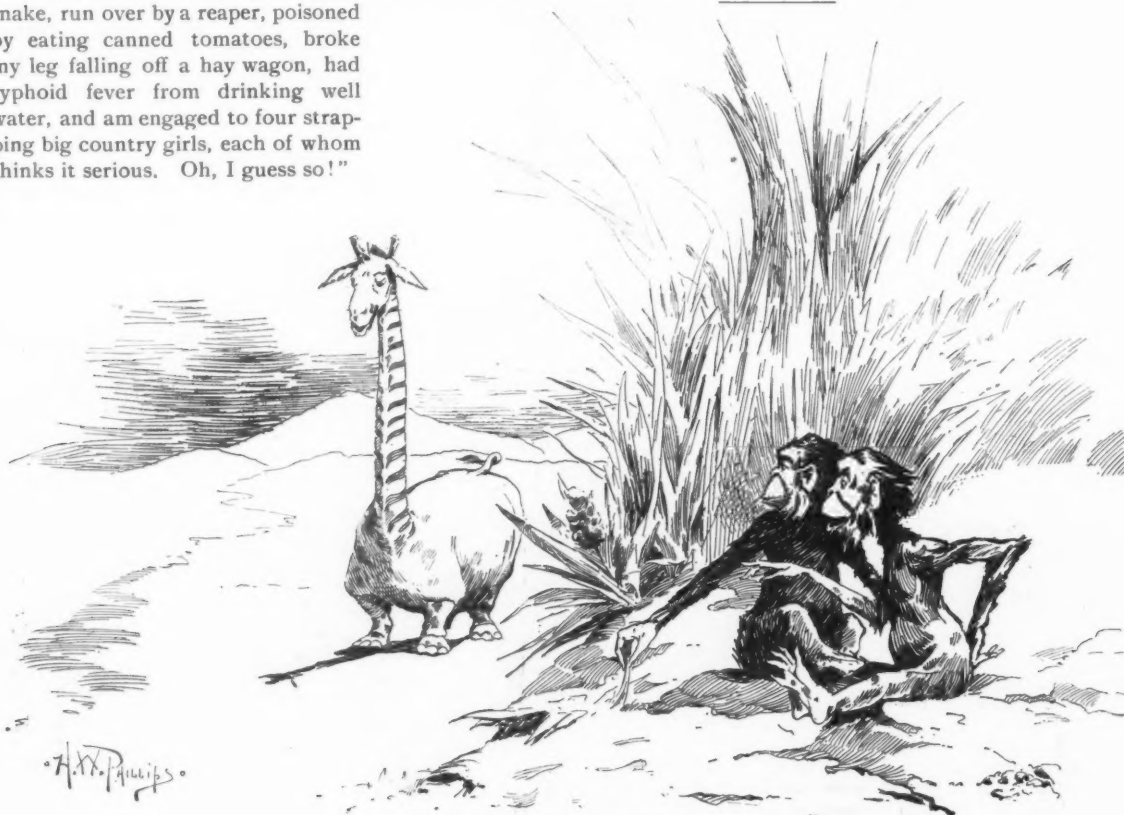
On the latter basis something can be said in favor of "The Christian." For one thing, it is an absorbing story. Like it or not, if you begin to read it you hang on till the five-hundred-and-fortieth page. No amount of "purpose" ever compels the reader's attention. But a very little bit of the natural story-teller's gift will do the business, and Mr. Caine undoubtedly has it.

Then there is the fascinating *Glory*. She has many things in common with the ac-

cepted stage-heroine of melodrama. Her copper-colored hair and dazzling complexion are the natural or purchasable equipments of a whole regiment of star actresses. Moreover, her mother was a Frenchwoman! Whenever an English writer wants to put a dash of deviltry into a woman, he gives her a French mother. That explains everything to the native reader, and he is ready to forgive the girl almost any violation of the conventionalities.

But *Glory* is finer than her prototypes. She is spontaneous, generous, affectionate, and, better than all, she is really witty. That is rare in a woman, real or fictitious. To our thinking *Glory's* letters are the best things in a literary way that this ponderous book contains. They have the light touch, they reveal a charming temperament, and they have hardly a hint in them of the artificial or theatrical.

On the more serious side Mr. Caine has done a new and impressive thing in his study of modern monasticism as it exists in the Established Church. It seems to be fair-



THE EVILS OF A MESALLIANCE.

Mrs. Chimpanzee: POOR FELLOW! HIS FATHER BELONGED TO ONE OF THE BEST GIRAFFE FAMILIES, BUT MARRIED ONE OF THOSE VULGAR HIPPOPOTAMI, AND THIS POOR BOY HAS TO PAY FOR IT. YOU SEE, THE GIRAFFES ARE AFRAID OF HIM AND THE HIPPOPOTAMI ASHAMED OF HIM.



"WHY DO MEN HAVE SUCH SHORT VACATIONS? HE'S THE FIFTH I WAS JUST LEARNING TO LOVE, WHEN HE HAD TO GO AWAY."

minded, realistic, and without a touch of malice.

Moreover, in the characters of *Drake* and the Prime Minister, the author has presented English gentlemen in a fairer light than the rest of the book leads one to expect.

* * *

BUT when one measures this story by what Mr. Hall Caine intended it to represent, a different balance must be struck. He aimed at "a thought in the form of a story." *John Storm* is put up as the type of a man trying to live the life of a Christian in modern London. The author shows him personally to be full of "weaknesses and self-delusions," but his ideals are Christian and the world will have none of them. Therefore he is made a martyr like all great reformers, and the reader is expected to bemoan the wickedness of the world and its blindness to high aims.

Instead of labelling *John Storm* a type of Christian, the author should have exploited him as the logical outcome of an imperfect education, poorly balanced faculties, a blind will, and a touch of emotional insanity. In addition, he has a most uncharitable nature, very bad manners, and no tact whatever. He is an extremely selfish person, neglecting his father, his uncle, and the girl he believes he loves. He is given abundant opportunity to test his most absurd theories of social reform, and bungles them all. Upon the author's own showing he is neither to be pitied as a martyr nor adored as a

saint. He is not even attractively human in his eccentricities.

No amount of fireworks can ever persuade people to believe that the modern Christian met his doom in the person of *John Storm*.

The truth is that this is a reasonable age. A pretty wide observation of cause and effect has taught thinking people that permanent progress does not come through the agency of ill-balanced minds; that what is worth saving or believing must appeal to the sanest part of a man's intellect.

Nobody expects great moral reforms to be wrought on the lines of a melodrama. It has been tried on a large scale in this country, and Mr. Bryan can give an authentic account of it.

If you want us to believe in your martyr, Mr. Caine, please give him some virtues that will appeal to sensible people.

Droch.

Beauty Her Sister Is.

SHE is so sweet that Beauty her sister is,
And with soft, warm caresses doth enfold her;
Yet in their kinship differences exist—

Beauty is always young, while she grows older.
Beauty her sister is, but, as time flies,

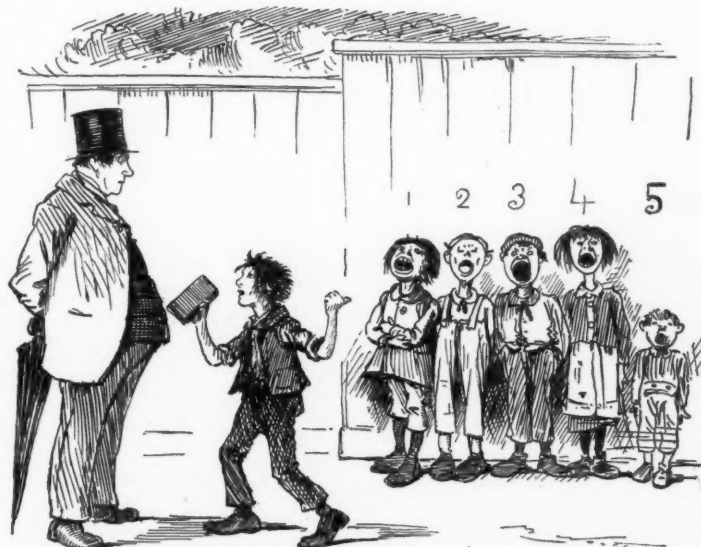
Treats her each speeding year a trifle colder.

Tom Masson.

A Poser.

NIP: Seems to me that lately I have run
against an enormous number of men that
have seen better days.

TUCK: Yes, but did you ever strike one who
was grateful for it?



"SAY, MISTER, DON'T YER WANT TER TAKE A CHANCE? IT'S A CENT A T'ROW. ALL YEZ GOT TO DO IS TO TAKE DIS BRICK AN' TRY AN' CHUCK IT INTO ONE OF DEM OPEN SLOTS. IF YER FIRES IT INTO NUMBER ONE YER GITS ONE CENT, NUMBER TWO TWO CENTS, AN' SO ON UP TER NUMBER FIVE. TRY IT FOR LUCK. YER CAN'T LOSE MORE'N A CENT."



A SIDE LIGHT.

"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, MARIA, DON'T HOLD YOUR DRESS UP SO HIGH!"

Latter Day Fatality.

THEIR meeting was not chance, I much regret;

'Twas in a ball-room 'midst a giddy throng

When first her hand touched his, but not for long,

Because that wouldn't have been etiquette.

And nothing whispered to him 'twas his fate,

Nor had she premonitions they would mate.

Her drooping lashes veiled no glad surprise,
She neither blushed nor trembled, I am told,

And he was most conventionally cold. Their talk was hardly witty, much less wise,

And yet in six short months those two were wed,

And six months later were divorced, 'tis said.

L. K. R.

THERE is reason to suspect that the Prince of Teck, who is expected to visit Lenox, is not a grandson of Queen Victoria, as has been stated, but only a connection. He is described with apparent accuracy as a brother of the Princess May, who married the Duke of York. Well, that will do; but Newport would have preferred a grandson.

WE most of us waste so much time hurrying that we have very little leisure.

True.

THERE is regret that some are dumb;
But more regret, a lot are not.



A GRAIN OF COMFORT.

"MY FATHER CAN LICK YOUR FATHER!"

"HOW DO YER KNOW?"

"'CAUSE I SEEN YER MOTHER DO IT!"

"WELL, YOUR MOTHER CAN'T LICK MY MOTHER, ANYHOW!"



HIGH WAY ROBBERY.

Some Private Correspondence.



MY DEAR "PAPA": This term, applied to you by your one or more daughters, has come to be significant of so much that is false, that it is befitting at this present time that I should offer you my sympathy, and endeavor to be of what assistance I can in setting you right before the world. You are generally considered by the public at large, who read the comic joke crypts, to be a man of great

physical strength, with the manners, if I may so express myself, of a refined prize-fighter. You are invariably at the head of a large business which you have no time to attend to, because of the immense stream of suitors for your daughter's hand who continually engage your attention; and when you do not happen to be in your private office you are at home, occupied in kicking those puling individuals down stairs, or laying in wait for them with a ferocious bulldog. Your shoes resemble those affected by police officers, and are used for a particular purpose. You invariably begin your conversation with "Now, young man," and when you address the members of your family you do it in a gruff, perfunctory way. You pay all bills with great regularity, and it is for this purpose that you principally exist. You are overbearing and intensely vul-

gar, are a railroad president in California, a banker or a capitalist in New York, and a pork packer in Chicago. You never hail from any other places than these. Your weak point is a foreign nobleman who is at the end of a dissipated career, and you are always settling on him vast sums of money, and gaily sacrificing your daughter upon him. Now, my dear sir, it is thus as the typical American father that you are held up to the nations of the earth, and you and I both know that nothing could be more unjust or untrue.

We have passed many pleasant hours together in every city and State in the Union, and though my observation of mankind has been somewhat below the surface of things, I have never yet found you to approach even remotely to this idea. You do not always wear a frock coat; you are not always fat, but are of all sizes and shapes. You are invariably one of your family, and recognized as such. You love your daughters, and they in their turn love, honor and respect you. If they choose to get married you do not interpose your objections, or treat the young fellows they have honored with anything but consideration. You are aware that the average American young man whom your girls meet is not likely to ask your assistance, and is fairly certain to know where he stands; and you know that the girls, on their part, can be relied upon to pick out the right sort. When you give your daughter away you feel that a part of your heart has gone with her, and there is a tear in your eye which you hastily brush away, not wishing to mar her happiness on the best day of her life. Afterward, if it has all been a mistake, you stand by her quietly and without ostentation. In brief, you are an American citizen, somewhat overworked, perhaps, but interested in many things, having real emotions, sentiments, courtesy, genuine heartstrings, and a desire to make others happy. As such I salute you, and wish you a long life and a complete justification; if not here, in the hereafter.

Faithfully yours, LIFE.

Love's Progress.

WHEN first I kissed sweet Margaret
She blushed rose-red,
And sternly said
"You mustn't! Stop!"
Last night I kissed sweet Margaret;
She blushed rose-red,
But only said
"You mustn't stop!"
J. E. G.



AS THE DAYS GET

His horse: DO YOU THINK IT'S GO?
Her horse: WE'VE BEEN HERE EVERY
THEN YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

LIFE.



DAYS GET SHORTER.

INK IT'S GO?
N HERE EVERY DAY FOR A MONTH, BUT
L.



The New Season.

"HERE we are again, Mr. Merryman!" cries the clown, and hurls himself into the arena with the same happy "Ha, ha!" that has heralded all his previous appearances. And the easy crowd laughs with him, glad to see the same old circus again, always old but ever new.

It is almost time that Mr. E. H. Sothern demonstrated that he can act. He has a large and profitable following, who like to see him on the stage. He has a gentlemanly

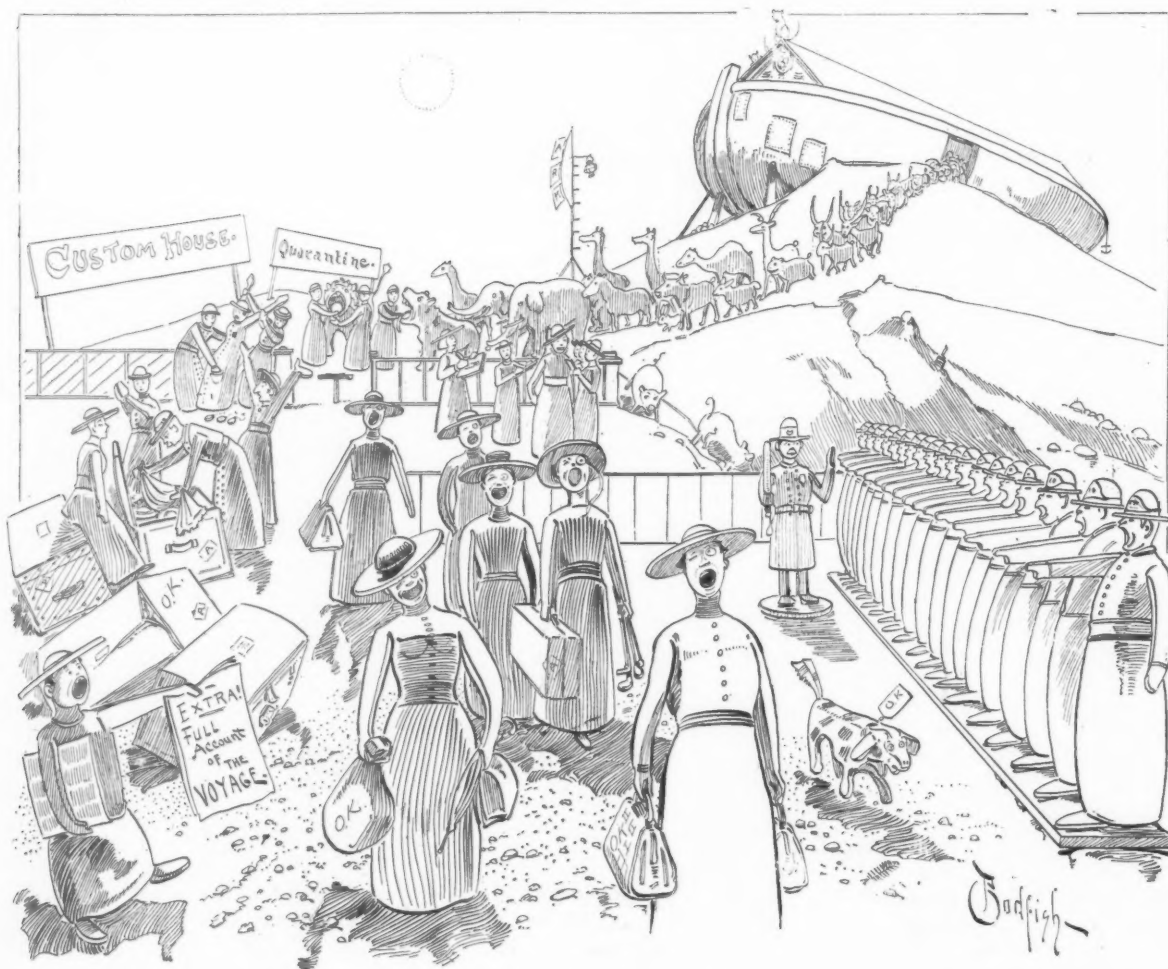
carriage and utterance, he wears his clothes—modern or other—gracefully, and does nothing to offend the most particular mamma of the most fastidious matinée girl. Also, he is supplied with plays by the most fashionable authors, with excellent stage settings and with most able management. All these advantages are of course a handicap to abilities which he doubtless possesses, but which he holds in reserve. Perhaps some day he will cut loose and show them.

The latest demonstration of his harmlessness is in a play called "'Change Alley," dramatized from one of Hogarth's pictures by the authors of that pretty and harmless play, "Rosemary." The piece contains a few "damns" and "my gods," but they are used in a perfectly conventional manner and will hurt no one. It also has a couple of naughty ladies, but no one knows what they are there for, and they would not be

noticed by any one but Anthony Comstock and Captain Chapman.

"'Change Alley" calls for a large cast, which is supplied by the management at the Lyceum Theatre with actors and actresses who do their parts well. The settings are also good, too good for a play whose sole object seems to be to work up to a graphic presentation of one of Hogarth's pictures of a London street during the excitement consequent on what is known in history as the South Sea Bubble. As a warning against any present tendency to over-investment in Klondike securities the play may be valuable; as a contribution to dramatic literature, or even to contemporary amusement, it is not quite worth the powder to blow it.

"A SOUTHERN ROMANCE," at the Fifth Avenue, is harmless, but it is also idyllic, and has something of the charm



THE FIRST APPLICATION OF A TARIFF.

of the life it seeks to portray. The atmosphere is dreamy and seductive, with a haze of Bourbon whiskey hovering over it. There is a slight suggestion of the lynching fever now epidemic in the South, but this is only a background to the love affair of a French nobleman disguised as a romantic tramp, impersonated by Mr. Ditrichstein of *Zou-zou* fame, and a blue-grass maiden of romantic tendencies, prettily pictured and well played by Miss Katherine Grey. "A Southern Romance" is handsomely mounted and is interesting, although not sufficiently brilliant to keep a man with a good record from being present at the Day of Judgment.

Metcalfe.

Rich Ore, but Hard to Work.

THE man who described himself as sitting down with a nutcracker to read an article by Henry James, doubtless spoke metaphorically; yet he conveyed an idea. Mr. James is curiously proficient in fastening his ideas to his language. It is good language, and skillfully employed; but some sort of a cyanide process ought to be devised for the benefit of lazy readers, who want to get at the sense of it without too much exertion.

A Glimpse Into the Future.



THE Mayor of Boston sat in his private office with his feet perched on a mahogany desk, smoking a big cigar and musing over his former triumphs. He had been successively the world's champion pugilist, a famous actor, special correspondent for a great newspaper, and the highest salaried baseball umpire on record. Now he was chief executive of this refined and cultured commonwealth, the Athens of America. His next step would be—well, perhaps it was too early to think of that, but in the blue wreaths of smoke which floated upward from his cigar he saw visions of the President's chair.

The great man's reverie was interrupted by the entrance of his private

secretary, a strongly-built, bullet-headed young man, who secretly cherished hopes of following in the footsteps of his illustrious chief.

"Yer Honor," began the secretary, "here's a petition from a lot o' swells, askin' de city council to appropriate ten t'ousand dollars fer a public reception to Henrik Ibsen, wot's comin' ter visit de burg next mont'. Wot will I do wit it?"

"Aw, trun it in de waste basket," responded the Mayor, with dignity. "I don't know no Henry Kibson. Who is he, anyway?"

"W'y didn't yer tell me dat before? Dat makes all de difference in de world. I useter be an actor meself. Tell de boys to make dat appropriation twenty t'ousand, an' we'll show ole Kibson de time of his life. An' say, find out some of the plays wot he's wrote. If dey're any good I might git him to write one fer me."

Isaac Anderson.

IT is a good thing that some men are not able to do what they are capable of doing.

A DOG'S MISTAKE.



"He's a furriner—a Norwegian or a Swede, I guess. Dey say he's hot stuff."

"Wot's he done? Is he any good wit his dukes?"

"Naw! He's one o' dem littery fellers."

"Well, dey ain't so worse. I met a lot of 'em out to Carson City at de fight. Wot paper does he work fer?"

"He ain't no noospaper man. He writes books wot all de swells reads."

"Aw, rats! If de swells is so dead stuck on him dey kin give him deir own reception. Tell 'em dat we needs all de money in de treasury ter fit up de noo Athletic Palace, wot's goin' ter make Boston de Mocha of all de pugs in de country."

"All right, yer Honor. If de swells wants to receive de furriner, dey pays de expense. Am I right?"

"Sure. Say, what kind of stuff does dis here Kibson write?"

"De guy wot handed in de petition says he's de biggest playwright in de bizness."





Autumnal Reflections.
By the Village Dressmaker.

THE western sky has trimmed its skirts with ruffles
all the way,
And bias stripes of salmon-pink and heliotrope and gray;
And then, to make it worse, has finished off its yellow waist
With pipings made of turkey-red, in very shocking taste.
The autumn leaves, like polka dots, are lying on the ground;
The flower-beds of calico are wilting all around;
The purple-velvet pansy and the frumpy-leaved old rose,
When night goes into mourning will probably be froze.
The sun tucks up his orange-satin quilt about his head,
And stuffs his ears with cotton-batting clouds and goes to bed;
While the roosters on the high back fence their feathers
flirt and shake,
As they dream about the boas which their tails will some
day make.

Noble-Ives.

An Improved Examination Paper for the Degree of M. D.

(WITH SUGGESTED ANSWERS THERETO.)



QUESTION.—What should the first aim of every young doctor be?

ANSWER.—To secure a rich patient with an imaginary complaint.

Q.—How many thousand dollars ought the State to offer for the head of every man, woman or child that practices medicine without a degree?

A.—One hundred thousand dollars; one-half to go to the profession; the other half to the informant, if a doctor.

Q.—If a man came to you with a slight bruise on one of his arms, say, describe fully how you would treat him.

A.—Tell him you fear it indicates a compound fracture, complicated by a generally run down condition; order him to bed for a month; visit him daily for the first week, twice a day during the second week, all day during the third week, and from that on never leave him, night or day, till the crisis is over. When he is finally recovered, explain the desperate nature of the case to him, and share with him the delights of returning health. Also share a fair portion of his worldly possessions.

Q.—Suppose a man comes to you that has hurt his left leg and you accidentally cut off his right leg instead, what would you say to him?

A.—Say that your ordinary charge for cutting off a leg is one hundred and fifty dollars, but that, owing to the very unnecessary trouble he has put you to in this case, you cannot possibly take less than two hundred dollars.

Q.—Suppose in the town where you happen to be situated there are already three times as many doctors as there are patients, what would you do?

A.—Turn undertaker, and do a thriving business.

Q.—Do you believe in charity patients?

A.—It depends entirely upon how much the town pays for them.

Q.—Is hypochondria curable?

A.—Not by any doctor that cares more for the state of his pocket than the extent of his reputation.

Q.—When should a consultation be held?

A.—Whenever some other doctor that thinks highly of you has a case he knows enough about not to be afraid of discussion.

Q.—How often should a person be vaccinated?

A.—As often as he'll pay for it, of course.

Q.—What is your opinion of patent medicines?

A.—My profession forbids my indulgence in profanity.

Q.—What is a physician's chief duty?

A.—To avoid unduly laying up his patients in heaven (or elsewhere); and to get his accounts in.

Q.—What should a doctor's first aim be in the event of a sudden accident?

A.—To get charge of the case.

Q.—And his second aim?

A.—To get his charge for the case.

H. C. Boulton.

The Newest Journalist.

THE Newest Journalist went to bed,
To sleep and dream, and dreamed he was
dead.

The thing that passed for his soul went straight
And gave his name at the heavenly gate;
The porter told him he "need not wait."

The Newest Journalist took his cue--
That was no place for an "interview."
Heaven, he reckoned, was slow and dull,
Where all was decent and beautiful,
With never a fake, or scoop, or pull.

The Newest Journalist went below
As deep as the elevators go.
He boldly strode to the door and rang;
A brazen wicket oped with a clang.
Old Satan looked at the stranger's card;
His face grew dark and his voice grew
hard;
He ordered the gates to be doubly barred.
"Go back," he said, "to your proper
sphere;
You serve me better on earth than here.
Moreover—perhaps we cut it fine—
But since the days of those Gadarene
swine,
We devils have had to draw the line."

A Literary Klondike.

THE literary paragraphers report
that Mr. Hall Caine's latest
novel will bring him more money than
any contemporary writer has received
for a story. Mr. Caine should
publish his publishers' checks.
They would be read with in-
terest by multitudes, and
might help to restrain the
rush to the Klondike. Nothing
that a man can put into a
book seems to interest this
muck-raking generation quite
so intensely as what he gets
out of it. Mr. Kipling, it
seems, gets more per word
than Mr. Caine, but Mr. Caine
can put more marketable
words into a story than Mr.
Kipling can, so Mr. Caine is
ahead.

THERE is a growing recog-
nition of the fact that
public spirit in a proprietor
is a mighty good advertise-
ment for a business.



H. A. Mackthar '97

A DESOLATE WORLD.

"OH, YES, GEORGE! YOU'LL GET OVER IT AND MARRY SOME OTHER GIRL."
"WHAT OTHER GIRL IS THERE?"



THE two highwaymen had followed a street railway magnate several blocks, waiting for a favorable chance to rob him. Suddenly he stopped before the residence of an alderman, ran lightly up the steps, rang the bell and was admitted.

The footpads looked at each other. "Well," said one, "what's to be done now? Shall we wait for him to come out?"

"Naw!" exclaimed the other in disgust. "We'll hev to wait fer de alderman now."

—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE conclusiveness of an entry of the death of a woman on the records of the court recently led to her discharge when she subsequently appeared in court in Chattanooga. The Attorney-General took her by the arm, and, walking up to the judge's stand, said: "Here is our dead defendant. I think we had better try her." To which the Court replied: "I think not. We have her on the record as dead. Rose, you will have to go home and die. Let the former order stand."

—Case and Comment.

MRS. CAROLINE CORBIN, the anti-woman's suffrage leader of Chicago, went to school with Susan B. Anthony. Years after the two women met in Washington and Miss Anthony asked: "What have you been doing all these years?" "Bringing up four boys," answered Mrs. Corbin. "Boys!" scornfully exclaimed the outspoken Susan. "What under the sun is a woman with your brains doing with four boys?" "Would you have me strangle them?" was the retort. "Bosh!" was the emphatic answer; "you should never have had them. They will grow up to be men—nothing but men." It was after this that Mrs. Corbin became an anti-suffragist.—Wave.

"We are thorro to thay," explained the editor of "The Skedunk Weekly News," "that our compothing-room wath entered lath night by thome unknown thcoundrel, who thole every 'eth' in the ethtblishment and thucceded in making hith ethcape undetected.

"It hath been impothible, of courthe, to procure a new thupply of etheth in time for thith ithue, and we are thuth compelled to go to preth in a thituation motht embarrassing and dithtrething, but we can thee no other courth to purthue than to make the betht thtagger we can to get along without the mithing letter, and we therefore print 'The Newth' on time, regardleth of the loth we have thuthtained.

"The motive of the mithcreant doubtleth wath revenge for thome thuppothed inthult.

"It thall never be thaid that the petty thpote of any thmall-thouled villain hath dithabled 'The Newth,' and if thith meet the eye of the detethtable rathcal we beg to athure him that he underethimateth the rethourceth of a firtth-clath newthpaper when he thinkth he can cripple it hopelethly by breaking into the alphabet. We take occathion to thay to him furthermore that before next Thurthday we thall have three timeth ath many etheth ath he thtrole.

"We have reathon to thuthpect that we know the cowardly thnkun who committed thith act of vandalth, and if he ith ever theen prowling about thith ethtblishment again, by day or by night, nothing will give uth more thaththfaction than to thooth hith hide full of holeth."—Boston Transcript.

THIS continued whittling down of prices reminds me of the man who had a big trade on Albata spoons and he insisted that he must have a better price. The manufacturer said he could not make any reduction unless he put in more lead. The merchant said, "All



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Mrs. Keith's Crime. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

John Marmaduke. By Samuel Harden Church.
New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Art of Conversing. London and New York:
Frederick Warne and Company.

right; use more lead." It was not long before he wanted another reduction, and he got the same answer from the manufacturer. He got instructions from the merchant to use more lead, as he must have the spoon at a less price. Still he was not happy, and wanted another reduction. The manufacturer informed him that it was impossible; that he could not make any lower price. The merchant wrote back and said, "Put in more lead." The manufacturer answered and said, "I can't do it, as the last lot I sent you were all lead."

—Hardware.

THERE is a story of Bishop Barrington and Philpotts, afterward Bishop of Exeter, who was at the time Barrington's secretary. The Bishop said: "I wish you to select for publication twelve of my sermons that you think will do me least discredit." Shortly after, when the sermons had been chosen, the bishop asked: "Do you think that these will do me credit?" "I prefer, my lord," answered Philpotts, "to adhere to your lordship's former expression." The sermons were not published.

—Exchange.

PAPA CRUMLEY: I judge a man, sir, by the company he keeps.

MR. SUITOR: Yes, sir. I hope you will bear in mind that I've been keeping company with your daughter over two years.—Philadelphia North American.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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MABEL: Why are you putting on your lovely light-blue silk stockings and white lace petticoat in such a muddy town as this?

EDITH: Because it is a muddy town.
—Columbia Crucial Questions.

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A BISHOP of St. David's confided to an old Welsh clergyman his difficulty in mastering the Welsh double L. The parson replied: "Put the tip of your apostolic tongue in the roof of your episcopal mouth, my lord, and then hiss like a gander."

—London Truth.

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"To an actress nowadays a pretty set of teeth is a necessity. In burlesque, especially, a smile is as good as a song. And a smile is enhanced if the teeth are pretty, for pretty teeth are part of an actress's stock in trade—and so is Sozodont, for it makes pretty teeth, as I can most heartily testify.

MARIE STUDHOLME."

February 20th, 1896.



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"My sweetheart dropped me."

—Boston Transcript.



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THE Southeastern Railway, after many desperate attempts, has at last beaten all records by performing, on July 1st, the distance between Aldershot town and Ash—about two and three-quarter miles—in the incredible time of one hour and twenty minutes!

There is a train timed to leave Aldershot at 8:04, but I need hardly say that no attempt was made to start at that time. At about 8:30 the engine seemed to become uneasy, and gave vent to loud whistles of distress. These whistles may, of course, have only indicated nervousness on the part of the engine, owing, perhaps, to a foreknowledge that a gallant attempt was about to be made by which all previous records would be put in the shade. At about 8:40 a slight retrograde movement was observed, but was attributed by the passengers to the engine's intense excitement.

At about 8:55 the train slowly left the station, and proceeded about four hundred yards down the line, when a halt was called, owing, no doubt to weakness caused by the excitement of engine and driver. Noted plungers were now offering the extravagant odds of one hundred to one on the record being lowered, but no takers were to be found.

At 9:05 the locomotive, having pulled itself together, once more proceeded on its journey, and at about 9:20 arrived at its destination amid a scene of indescribable enthusiasm. The station-master fell weeping on the guard's neck, and hysterical passengers surrounded the engineer, wringing his hand and begging for locks of his hair. The engine seemed utterly exhausted, and gasped feebly, though no doubt feeling in its innermost boiler a thrill of glad pride at having in this year of years established a record which will certainly never be beaten.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A MEMBER OF CONGRESS was going home very late a few nights ago when he met a young man who was hopelessly drunk. The Congressman happened to know where he lived, and kindly guided him home. The Congressman had no sooner pulled the bell than the door was flung open and a tall and vigorous woman appeared. She said not a word, but grabbed the intoxicated young man by the collar and gave him a shaking that fairly loosened his teeth. Into the hall she shook him and slammed the door. The Congressman

was descending the steps, when the door opened again and his friend flew out as if flung from a catapult. He landed at the foot of the stairs, and the Congressman picked him up. He was very much frightened, and he was almost sober. He managed to gasp out: "We don't live here. We—we moved last week." The really interesting thing would be to know what happened to the man who does live there.—*Washington Post*.

THE wife of the late Professor Agassiz was one morning putting on her stockings and boots. A little scream attracted the professor's attention. Not having risen, he leaned forward anxiously on his elbow and inquired what was the matter. "Why, a little snake has just crawled out of my boot!" cried she. "Only one, my dear?" interrogated the professor, calmly lying down again. "There should have been three." He had put them there to keep them warm.—*Buffalo Commercial*.

"I KNEW it would come in time," said the young woman who wants to vote and wear bicycle clothes for evening dress. "We are reaching a point where we cannot fail to be recognized."

"What do you mean?" inquired Miss Cayenne.

"I mean that our sex has been achieving so much that it cannot be long before our superiority is admitted."

"Of course," said Miss Cayenne, "women have always shown facility in certain branches of art. But that does not imply any obligation on her part to participate in the more rugged affairs of life."

"She can do all that men can. Take, for example, the occurrences of the past few weeks. Literature has educated us to believe that the natural course of events is for a girl to fall into the water, and for a young man to come along and rescue her. But see how things have changed. Recall the reports which have appeared in the newspapers from day to day. Scarcely a week has passed without seeing some young man who couldn't swim fall into the water. And whose strong arm was it that pulled him out?"

"I don't know," replied Miss Cayenne, rather frigidly.

"It was a woman's! What," she added, in a tone of quiet triumph, "does that go to show?"

"It simply goes to show, dear, how dreadfully scarce men are getting to be at summer resorts."—*Washington Star*.



KINDLY PRECAUTIONS.

'Arry: 'ORSE SEEMED STAWTLED LOIKE, MYTE! OI WHOISTLED ALL ROIGHT!

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In Albuminuria or Uræmic Poison of Pregnancy

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A NEWSPAPER report that a man of the name of D— had been fined 10s. for drunkenness was immediately followed by a public notice by another man of the same surname that he was in no way connected with the other. But there was an echo to this. The next issue contained the following:

"THANKS.

"I, George D—, who was fined 10s. for being drunk, beg to return thanks to Mr. William George D— for publicly notifying that I am in no way connected with him or his family."—Law Notes.

"MINE is a pitiable case," said the man who had reached the melancholy stage as he leaned against the bar. "What a woe it is to have a wife who has a habit of locking you out of your own house!"

"You ain't one, two, three with me," said the other melancholy man. "Mine has a habit of lockin' me in."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A WITNESS who was very prolix, and tested the patience of the bench, jury, and even the counsel who had called him, was suddenly asked by Judge Joseph F. Daly, "What is your business?" He answered, "I lead the orchestra at a music hall." "I thought," responded the judge, with a weary look at the court room clock, "that you must be an expert at beating time."—Argonaut.

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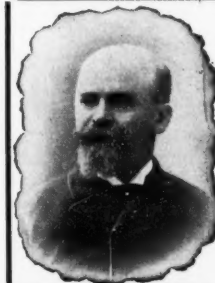
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"Why did she do that?"

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—*Indianapolis Journal.*

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